To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs, deare bloud shed for our greeuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the King.
Clar. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
Clar. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Clar. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell, and thy fault,
haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Clar. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue h
If you be hirde for neede, go b
And I will sende you to my b
Who will reward you better f
Then Edward will for tyding
2 You are deceiu'd, your b
Cla. Oh no, he loues me,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that
Blest his three sonnes with hi
And chargd vs from his soule
He little thought of this deuid
Bid Gloceſter thinke of this, a
Am. I milstones, as he lef
Cla. O do not slaunder hi
1 Right as snow in harue
Tis he that sent vs hither now
Cla. It cannot be, for whe
He hugd me in his armes, and
That he would labour my de
2 Why so he doth, now
From this worlds thraldome,
1 Make peace with Go
Cla. Hast thou that holy
To counsell me to make my
And art thou yet, to thy own
That thou wilt war with God
Ah sirs, consider, he that set y
To do this deede, will hate yo
2 What shall we do?
Cla. Relent, and saue you
1 Relent, tis cowardly a
Cla. Not to relent, is beas
My friend, I spie some pittie
Oh if thy eie be not a flatterer
Come thou on my side, and i
Beggging Prince, what beg